"I am awfully glad of one thing about Washington," spoke an aged colored visitor a few days ago, "and that is, that it is the only city where the colored man is recognized sufficiently to have a statue. Out at Lincoln Park, the colored man, though rather poorly dressed, has a statue, and there is another one," pointing to the statue of Chief Justice Marshall, at the main entrance portice. "I don't think, though, I ever saw a colored man as black as that statue," referring to the Marshall statue, which, owing to the penchant of its bronze composition, in this respect being different from any other in the city, seems to be getting blacker every year.

"It seems strange," said Mr. Frank Hume, "who has for years taken an active part in pressing upon Congress the importance of building the memorial bridge to Arlington, "what passed the bill in the Senate on Wednesday last, I don't think the volume of good arguments that we made in its behalf or of the splendid indorsements of the project by Secretary Lamont had as much to do with the success of the bill as did the quagmire of mud on the road just after the bridge is passed. At the funeral of Gen. Gibbon on Tuesday last that one-half of the military escort had to be dismissed, and the other half had the greatest difficulty in reaching Arlington. The artillery could not get through it at

"Well, there were a number of distinguished gentlemen there, and they saw with their own eyes the necessity of some-thing better than at present exists. They made up the sentiment which eventuated in the passage of the memorial bridge bill, and we are thankful for the result. Secretary Lamont says the bill will likewise pass the House for the simple reason that it is

Nearly two years ago a force of state constables of South Carolina and a body of citizens of Darlington, S. C., came together in a bloody conflict at Darlington ble induced the newspapers all over the country to send correspondents to the

The situation became so critical that Gov. Tillman ordered out the state troops and sent three hundred of them to the scene of the conflict. At the same time the governor declared Darlington county un-der martial law and took charge of the railroads and telegraph lines in order to completely subdue the infuriated citizens. The same procedure was taken in the ad-joining county of Florence, the citizens of which had talked of going to the assist-

ance of those of Darlington.
In taking charge of the telegraph offices, and preventing any but telegrams from himself and his officers being sent, the governor, it seemed at first to the news paper correspondents, had interfered with their business. The situation looked serious, but the correspondents were equal to the emergency. Many of them hired special trains or fast vehicles and went to remote stations to send off their matter, but a number of them decided on a unique plan for getting through the news. It was nothing more nor less than the establishfacs. The regular telegraph office was in charge of a detail of soldiers, and nothing could be sent through except what was marked "O. K." by the commanding offi-

cer.
The correspondents hired a number of operators and as many linemen as could be procured. The wires were tapped by linemen and an office established in an old deserted stable in a remote part of town. This was all done at night. The first night the scheme went through all right, but it was noised abroad next day that the correspondents had gotten ahead of the governor. He was in Columbia, and wasn't bit pleased when he heard of the "blind tiger." He telegraphed Gen. Richbourg, in command at Darlington, to suppress all such future attempts. The next night, however, they worked the same plan, but

in another locality.

After that the governor quit trying to molest the news gatherers, but would not let them send their messages through the regular office. At Florence, fifteen railes from Darlington, the newspaper men had to resert to similar schemes. One of them, a former telegraph eperator, tapped the lines himself, and not only sent, but "received' valuable messages. None of the plans could have been work-

had not the telegraph operators all along the line stuck to the newspaper mer They did not give them away and allowed all news matter to pass with a rush. After the trouble was over the governor laughed when told of the tricks of the correspondents.

* * * * *
The proposed observance of the semi-centennial of the Smithsonian Institution during the present year will recall, no doubt, to the older citizens of Washington, especially those who resided in what is now South Washington, the time when the entire mall was a common, and the Smithsonian was Washington canal formed the northern boundary of the mall west of 7th street, and it was spanned at that point and at 12th and 14th streets by very ordinary wooden bridges. These streets were open-ed across the mall, having indifferent, nar-row brick pavements on but one side, the earriageways being Mother Earth. From that portion of the mail between 7th and 12th streets was selected for the Smithsonian. The fencing for the most part had been removed, and open to cattle, etc., affording good pasture. The grounds were used from time to time for encampment purposes by the local military and visiting companies, and the corner near 7th street as a show ground for menageries and circumstance. cuses, while the boys found it a pleasant play ground.

It was proposed in Congress to authorize the purchase of the city hall from the corporation of Washington for the use of the institution and authorize the erection of a new city hall in front of the Center Market, but the bill failed.

* * * * *
Superstitious people can be found in all walks of life. There is a southern Senator who has overcome all his superstitious beliefs but ore. He will never make his exit from a room through any other door than the one that he entered by. The other day his committee held a very important meeting at which the Senator was present. Immediately outside of the door of the committee room several newspaper men lay in wait for the committeemen to come out to obtain information as to the action of the committee. The room has two doors, only one of which is used, however, as a thoroughfare, the other being used only on extraordinary occasions. Two of th committeemen in order to give the slip to the newspaper men went out the unused door. But the superstitious Senator, although advised of this way of escape, could not overcome that superstitious feeling, and out the main door he went. Of course he was immediately surrounded by his news paper friends, with whom he is very popular, and was subjected to severe cross-ques tioning. The Senator said afterwards: "It was a mighty hard job to turn those boys down, but I would have felt worse had

There is an operator in one of the Washington telegraph offices who has but one arm, the left, and only a part of a hand, two fingers and a thumb. Notwithstanding his crippled condition he does the work of a two-handed man, and that, too, considerably better than the majority of his fellow employes. One would suppose that this man would be of no value whatever in a tele-graph office in the matter of handling press

I gone out that other doc

"What has become of the Southern Business Men's Association?" asked R. L. Flanders of Athens, Tenn., at the Metropolitan. "I have been looking for it in vain. Two or three years ago a meeting was held in New York, and a committee consisting of very prominent men was appointed. Then a short time later a big convention was held in Washington, and a committee appointed here. The design, as I understood it, was to have a sort of exchange, where scuthern men could meet and mingle with northern, and there was to be a permanent exposition of southern resources. It was heralded throughout the country, and the

test men north and south favored it and expected much good to result.
"Since I have been here I have tried to find the headquarters and the exhibit, but so far without success.'

"One of the most beautiful and unique sights I ever witnessed was in Buenos Ayres," said A. P. Wheatley of New Orleans, a traveling man, at the Metropolitan. "I was selling goods through South America, and was invited to a reception at the home of a customer of mine, a man of great wealth. His house was elegantly furnished, but what impressed me most greatthe road was in such a terrible condition ly was a large candelabra, which, instead of candles, had a great many tiny glass globes, each with a soft, mellow light unlike anything I had ever seen. Combined, these globes gave out about as much light as an ordinary lamp, but the effect was very different. It was indescribable. Upon inquiry I learned that each of the small globes contained a glow worm, an insect that grows larger in South America than in this coun-try, and which has a stronger light. They were kept alive, the lower part of the globe being filled with earth, and the insects being fed regularly. I do not know how many there were, but I should judge about one hundred, and while the phosphorescent glew they produced did not light the room brilliantly, it did so sufficiently."

"The town of Valentine, Nebraska, is situated in the northern part of the state, over the enforcement of the dispensary near the South Dakota line," said T. B. law. Three constables and four citizens Sweet at the Normandie. "It was started Sweet at the Normandie. "It was started were killed, and the prospects of more trou- before any railroad was built, and Fremont was the nearest town of any size, taking two days to complete the trip there from Valentine. Soon after the town was started the wife of a man named Norcross died. and the bereaved husband went to Fremont for a coffin. Even that town was small, and but one coffin for a full-grown person was left in stock. This he purchased and took it home. When he reached Valentine he learned that a grown son had been accidentally killed while hunting. There was a small lumber yard in Valentine, and a carpenter, but the lumber was only very rough pine. Enough was purchased to make another coffin, and the carpenter con-

structed a very rude-looking box out of it.
"Mr. Norcross, after studying the matter over, concluded to lower the box into his wife's grave, take her remains to the cemetery in the coffin and change them to the box, taking the coffin home in which to bury the son. This arrangement was carried out, and before the second funeral reached the cemetery word came that a neighbor had died. Another pine box was nade, the friends of the deceased neighbor borrowed the coffin, and it was returned. During the next two years the coffin was kept for the purpose of being loaned at funerals. Finally, a railroad was built, the present prosperous, progressive town was started, an undertaking establishment was opened, and upon the death of Mr. Norcros the coffin was buried with his remains.'

TOO HIGH SPIRITED.

The Only Gentleman in the County Was Hung by Neighbors.

Back of Duvall's Bluff, in Arkansas, is a country where schools are scarce and civil-

ization of the most primitive type. A prominent attorney of this city had occasion to go down there a short time ago to look after some land titles, and stopped look after some land titles, and stopped over night at a log cabin, which contained tively. For the past five years, however, one room and a loft. The only occupant was a white-haired old man, too feeble to walk without the aid of a heavy cane.

"Are you not lonely here?" asked the law-

"Have you no friends to whom you car go?" "I reckon my darter 'd keer fer me, in Memphis, but bein' sartin Providence air my way, I'm stayin', hopin' ter git about

'How long have you lived alone? "Bout a y'ar. Yo' see, my son Bill war with me. He went to Texas, an' cum home one of the mos' puffec' gentlemen yo' ever seed. An' that high-spereted, yo' could see he war diffrunt from the low-down trash roun' hyar. So a passel of 'em got together an' hung 'im right down thar by the

'Hung him! What for?" asked the astonished disciple of Blackstone. "Jess' 'cause they war jealous of his livin'.
ike a gentleman an' bein' high-spereted. One of 'em come an' stole Bill's bes' houn in cose, Bill, bein' a gentleman pup, an' the first building erected upon it. The old war in honor boun' ter shoot the thief, which he did. As purty a shot as yo ever seed. Feller never batted an eye. Then his low-down fr'ens' come an' hung Bill. I'm jess stayin' here till rheumatiz gits so I kin stomp 'roun' a leetle, and git a few of 'em, and then I'll go to my darter's. I've been that po'ly, I ain't had no shot at none of 'em yit, but I'll git 'em in the spring."

Two Strong Men of Maine.

From the Lewiston (Me.) Journal. Simeon Roderick of Biddeford can lay claim to being one of the strong men of that city. Thursday, in the presence of eight men, at the Saco freight depot, he lifted a barrel of pork weighing 350 pounds and put it on his shoulder. A little while later he was asked to do the act, and he repeated it easily. Roderick is considered one of the strongest men at work in the York corporation, and he can lift two ordi-

nary men. Kid Boulanger of Biddeford, who is twenty years old, has made a record for heavy lifting that has not been equaled in York county for his weight. He has a barrel half filled with water, which he lifts with his teeth. He has also a hundred-pound dumbthat he plays with as if it weighed only ten pounds.

Winding Up His Affairs.



"In looking over the Congressional Directory I find that St. Paul, Indianapolis, Albany and Providence are the only cities of over 100,000 inhabitants represented by citizens in the United States Senate: Kansas City is credited with Senator Vest, but he lived in Sedalia so long that he is counted as belonging there," remarked Gen. Beckwith of St. Louis at the Cochran. "Springfield, Ill., is the only city that can boast being the home of both Senators from the state. It is a singular fact that politics is a profession in which brains can be suc-cessful only in the rural districts, as a rule, and the result is the best men of the United States generally die unknown. It is an admitted fact that the best lawyers, physiclans, educators, scientists and business cians, educators, scientists and business men go to cities on account of the greater advantages offered, and yet they rarely arise to political distinction. That such centers of population as New York, Chi-cago, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Boston do not furnish Senators for the states in which they are located is significant. Sen-ator-edect Forskey lives in Cincinnati, and ator-elect Foraker lives in Cincinnati, and when he takes his seat he will represent

the largest city of which a resident is in "If the law is passed by Congress opening up the Colville Indian reservation in my state," said R. C. Kems of Spokane, at the Heward, "it will cause an influx such as has not been known since the days of the first discovery of gold in California. I do not know how rich that section is in auriferous metal, and neither does any one else, which fact adds an element of adventure and remance that will make the rush even greater. For many years the miners of the northwest have wanted to enter that field. Indians have remarkable legends concerning the mines there, and enough gold has been taken out in a crude way to show that the section is wonder-fully rich. If one-half the stories told it are realized there will be great fortunes made in a very short time. There is very considerable excitement con-cerning the bill, and thousands are already preparing for the opening."

Thos. W. Lewis of Chicago is at the Arlington. Mr. Lewis some years ago was engaged in the Hudson Bay country, and speaking of the recently proposed voyage for the north pole, said: "I believe it will fail, as all others have; but, at the same time, I think it is very possible to go around the world by traveling north, just as it is by traveling east or west. No expedition, however, will ever be successful upon the plans heretofore adopted. It would cost a great deal of money to make the first trip, but there need not be a great deal of hardship connected with it. Had one-half the money been expended in the right way that has been lost by going in the wrong way, we would long ago have become familiar with that country. The only successful plan is for the explorer to stop at the fur stations as far north as they go staying long enough to get acclimated Then press forward, establishing store-houses and building tents. Sometimes no progress would be made for weeks, but eventually he would reach the pole. Esquimaux should be employed, each tribe taking the explorer to the next tribe north. Ample supplies of provisions should be provided, and the explorer ought to expect the first trip to take five years."

"There are a few Minorcans left in Florida," said R. C. Galbraith of Jacksonville at the Shereham. "These Minorcaus came originally from the Island of Minorca, and were taken to Fiorida by Dr. Turnbull. who had a great scheme to reclaim the everglades. They were practically in slavery, and ruins of the stone walls and roads they built remain yet. A few of them survived after the failure of the land reclamation scheme, and these have descendants who still live in Florida. A singular fact is that they have rever outlived the stigma that slavery put upon them, and to call a nan a Minorean in Florida is regarded as an insult. In this way it has been possible for them to retain very much of the appearance, manners and customs of their ferefathers, and a Minorcan can be recognized at a his ancestors have lived in Florida for the past hundred years."

R. A. Kirven of Charlotte, Tenn., is at the Howard House. Mr. Kirven raises peanuts. and in discussing that line of farming said: "I live in the center of the best peanut district in the United States, and the entire community relies largely upon the funds derived from this industry. For many years the peanut business remained about the same, fairly good prices prevailed and the supply was very little, if any, in excess of the demand. Americans eat more peanuts than people of any other nationality do, and there have not been so many consumed proportionately. Probably the pecan farms, by making the prices upon their products much lower, have had some effect, and then South American nuts are less than one-half the price they were a few years ago, which has caused a great many people to change from peanuts to other kinds. The supply will show a decrease this year, and it is probable that this will keep the market price about the same.'

"I was greatly interested during a recent trip through Arizona to observe the way in which watermelens are kept fresh," said C. E. Batchelder of Denver at the Cochran.

"The love of the colored race for watermelons is proverbial, but I doubt if it can equal that of the Yuma Indians in Arizona. When the luscious melons are cheap, they being so plentiful that they are almost given away in the height of the season, the Indians get as many as they can and bury them in the sand. They construct pits in the sand almost identical with those made in the ground by white men for the preservation of potatoes and apples. From time to time melons are taken from the pit, and it is only a question of how many are as to how long they keep. When the most aristocratic cannot get melons at any price, the Arizona Indian is eating them freely. Why the plan is not adopted in a commer cial way in the east is a mystery to me, and I suppose it is only because no one has ever had an idea that the melons would keep good. It seems strange to eat at an Indian's tent and have boiled dog and watermelon served in January; but that is an experience I have enjoyed."

Alabama republicans have been visiting

Washington during the past two weeks. several small delegations having registered from time to time at the leading hotels. The members of these parties look innocent, and declare there is nothing political in their trips, but each asserts that the democratic party will be defeated in the next electon in that state. Following the democrats came Reuben Kolb, the leader of the populists, and in whose behalf the incipient insurrection started in Birmingham. Capt. Kolb, contrary to his usual course, did not talk very freely about polit.cal affairs in Louisiana, and was so mild in his utterances that his best friends would doubt their coming from him were they printed. Among the republicans was Joe Hughes of Montgomery, who was seen at Willard's, who did not belong to the delegation. He explained their presence. "You see," he remarked, "the populists who are led by Capt. Kolb want the democrats beaten. They intend to do it, if possible, and if there is any doubt about doing it alone, they will join with the republicans. It has not been ten years since the republicans did not have a white man, except the chairman, in a state convention, and five years ago they nominated Noble Smithson for governor and James M. Ver-non for secretary of state. The former had just removed from Tennessee and opened up a law office, the later was still living in Tennessee, but ran a boom newspaper in Alabama, Smithson returned to Tennessee, and before the end of the campaign Vernon moved himself and his newspaper to the state of Washington. There was a plain constitutional provision by which neither was eligible, but that did no make any difference with the ignorant delegates. Now, all that is changed, and esegates. Now all that is changed, and especially in the cities where industrial enterprises exist there are as many white republicans as democrats. They do not affiliate with the colored voters, but act independently. A little aid from the national committee will enable them to carry the state, and the campaign will be one of the hottest that ever took place in any state."

They were in the gallery, and they were palpably new to the situation. One sat on verses he handed it to the writer. one side and the other on the other side of the Speaker's seat, but number one, recog-"From a lady?" smiled the writer.

"Dear Mrs. Blank, so glad to see you. sweetheart's. Has your husband made a speech yet?"

his hand tenderly.

"Oh, yes," responded the other, with all the nonchalance she could muster. "He spoke yesterday afternoon; he was just too lovely for anything," she chirped, warming to her subject. "The Record had him ap plauded four times, only, but I'm sure that they applauded as many as five times. Has your husband spoken yet?"
"No, the hateful, horrid thing!" replied

nizing number two; walked over to speak to

the other, in pretended at ger. "I think he might. I have fussed and fussed at him to speak before I go home, so I can tell the folks about it. I can only stay two weeks, and I do so want to hear him. He has such a splendid speech on the silver question, all about how the white metal was demonetized, and that there is enough seigniorage in the treasury to fill all our teeth if they would only let us have it at so much a head—per capita is the technical term, I believe. Oh, you have no idea what a hit he made with that speech on the stump, and I am just dying to have him paralyze this I am just dying to have him paralyze this House with it. It would be such a delightful change from the most of them. don't you know. I asked him why he didn't talk, and he said he couldn't get the Speaker to recognize him. I told him I thought it was a shame, and that he ought to get somebody to introduce him again.

know he has met Mr. Reed once. I wish I could get a chance, and I'd ask Mr Reed to call on him to speak. I'm sure he could settle the disturbance over the vote at oace if he only had a chance," and she went back to imbibe some more knowledge from the "gentleman from Missouri."

Senator Call must have been an expert quoit pitcher in his early youth, for he can shy a letter at a page half way across the Senate chamber and land it in his He seems to be rather fond of that way of starting his letters to the post.

Mr. Cannon has no use for the electric call bells. When he wants a page, he wants him at once, and he doesn't want to wait for anything as slow as that, so he just laps his hands in the good old-fashione way, and the pages come a-running.

Is it just the proper caper for a young ady to accompany a gentleman to as public a place as the Capitol restaurants and order wine?

Senator German has been called all kinds of names, some pretty, and some exactly the other thing, but it was left for a lady to give him a new title. She had sent her card in from the marble room and was busy telling her friend what manner of a man he was about to meet, and added, "he reminds me of Cardinal —." Just then the Senator came in, and greeting him warmly, she turned to her friend and said: "Cardinal Richelieu, I want to present to you my friend, Mr. Blank, from my home," and it was some time before she learned why they both smiled so broadly.

This story began in the House gallery and ended in the House restaurant. Two young ladies were sitting together in the gallery, and one said to the other: "There comes that man again. He fairly haunt me. He wants me to lunch with him today and I'm going to teach him a lesson There, he is giving the page a note, and I knew it is for me. Now you wait here till I come back, and I'll tell you how I did bim up." Sure enough, the page came scurrying in

with the note, "and would wait for an answer, please." "Tell him yes, and to meet me at the "Tell him yes, and to meet me at the elevator," said the young lady, with a grimace toward her friend. "Now, Magsie, you wait," she said, as the page rushed off again, "After this, Mr. Sneak will have more money to spend in gloves for bis poor, meek little wife," and off she

The next scene was in the restaurant. ne of the window alcoves and had spread ut a bill of fare before her with an inunction to order something lid, too. She ran through the life from smelts to chocolate, and ordered a she had a First National Bank at her

"I'm not very hungry," she said sweetly, "but perhaps I can find something that will tempt my appetite. Smelts-um-perch, a pampano, broiled shad-oh, have you eaten any planked shad? It is perfectly lovely. I don't want any fish, though. Guess I'll take oysters on toast, broiled very delicately, waiter." So two orders for oysters on toast were made out by the complacent man. But that did not end the list for the young lady with the dainty appetite.

think I will take some roast turkey with cranberry sauce," she went on scanning the bill of fare, "and some banana fritters, with glace cognac, red-head duck, diamond-back terrapin, chicken salad, cel-no I don't want celery, it is so common. I'll take water cress, some peas, and-I guess that is all the solids. We will wind up with some Malaga grapes mince pie, Camambert cheese and checo-late. Oh, yes, bring us some Boston brown bread. Two orders of each, of course, Ma neak," she said inquiringly, and he meek ly nodded assent. It took two tables to spread the lunch on, and it cost Mr. Sneak nearly \$8, but it cost him a heap more than that to shut the mouths of the me who saw the little comedy and still give him an occasional dig about it.

A sight to make gods weep and me laugh was Cannon of Illinois and Cox of Tennessee during the hottest of the debate on Tuesday, standing in the main aisle with their arms around each other's necks in close embrace, and their two heads in loving juxtaposition as they talked state secrets. The House "caught on" in great shape and began to grin audibly, Speaker Reed brought that gavel of his down with a bang that made the mace jiggle and the two men separated with a

Men are clannish creatures at best. This is exemplified by the manner in which the members of the House and Senate herd on their own side of the halls. Republi cans loaf in their own cloak rooms and lounge on the sofas on their own side, and the democrats do the same. Of course they and mingle, but it is usually about the door of the main corridor, and not once in an hour will you find a democrat on the republican side or republican on the democratic side.

The Painted Cow. From the Fliegende Blatter.



IN HOTEL CORRIDORS HEARD ATTHE CAPITOL A DEADLY VALENTINE IN LOCAL STUDIOS

The colonel had received a valentine, and as he looked it over and read its pretty "Yes, from my wife. She never forgets,"

and the colonel's face wore the look of a "Surely," said the writer, "no better valentine could be than that." The colonel took it again and held it in

"When she and I were married," he began, in a reminiscent way, "we went to a post in the far west, where as a lieutenant, that was thirty years ago, I was stationed. Not far away was a town of the class not uncommon at that time, and chief among its well-known characters and prominent citizens was a man known as 'Bug' Thornton. He was a bad man and the barkeeper in the leading hotel of the town. The landlord of the hotel had a daughter of twenty-five or thereabouts, who was by

odds the best looking woman in town and

a very nice girl, barring the fact that she

was in love with Thornton.
"At first he was flattesed by the favor it

which he stood with the young woman, but her attentions in a few months wearied him and he made her wildly jealous by de-voting himself to the cashier of the Golden Lion restaurant, a young woman who owned a half interest in the business and was considered a good catch. This curred about valentine season, and where the day came around the landlord's daughter received a comic valentine, setting forth, as those things do, the delightful attractiveness of a jealous woman. The ac companying verse was more galling than the picture, and the girl was frenzied by it.

"It was no unusual matter for Bug Thornton to have a scrap once or twice a day with the rough characters who fre quented his saloon, and every now and then he added a feature to the bill by shooting somebody or getting a shot him self, though, up to that time, escaping with slight wounds. Late in the afternoon of St. Valentine's day he tried to put a gang of miners out of his place, and the whole crowd surged out into the street in front of the hotel There the shooting began and it lasted long enough for those not interested to get into what shelter first pre

"I ran into the hotel, and as I did so, noticed Mollie, the landlord's daughter, sit-ing by a window with the shutters half closed, looking at the fight. When it was over three men were dead on the ground and the others had disappeared. One of the dead men was Thornton, and, as I knew him, I ran to him first and lifted him up to see how badly he was hurt. As I raised him up with my arm under his back a bullet fell from his coat into my hand. I thrust it into my pocket without thinking, and help-ed carry him into the house. Of course, the town was considerably excited over three killings at one time, and as all sorts of ru eors were flying about I hurrled to the posto let my wife know I was all right. Young husbands, you know, think first of their wives. When I found her and told her the story she became very nervous and asket about Mollie. I told her I had seen the girl at the window during the fight, and that made her worse.
"Then I became provoked and said Mollie

hadn't anything to do with it. Then my wife told me that she had seen Mollie at nooh, and she had told her she was going to send Bug Thornton a valentine he would not forget, and that very day, too. night I went back to the hotel and found that Thornton had received a bullet in the arm and one in the thigh, but the one which had done for him had gone square through his heart. I also found Mollie in a raving delirium. With all this going on around me it wasn't any wonder that I should forget the bullet I had put in my pocket, and there's no telling when I would have re-membered it if it had not dropped on the floor that night when I took off my coat to "My wife picked it up and asked me wha

My whe picked it up and asked he what it was. Then I remembered, and quietly look it from her without saying. She in-disted, and as she showed signs of hysteria about it I told her it was the bullet that had killed Bug Thornton. She grabbed it from me, held it close to the light and then collapsed in a dead faint. She became conscious in half an hour or so, but I had to sit up all night with her, and the post daylight. By daylight things were quieter, and I took a look at the bullet. It was 44 long and was not much roughened by the deadly work it had done. As I turned t over in my hand, thinking what a fatal effect so small a bit of lead could have, I noticed a mark on it, and taking it out where I could see better I found scratched deep with a large needle, evilently, one word and part of another: 'My Valen-.' That told a dreadful story and Valenexplained my wife's hysteria.
"What to do new I scarcely knew. Molli-

had shot Bug Thornton, that was circum-stantially proved by my wife's testimony and the words on the bullet, but no one knew it save myself and wife. knew so much as that I had the bullet, except my wife. We had both known Mollie and respected her, and it seemed to be semething awful to give her over to the law when it was so easy to let it all go to the credit of the miners in the fight. After an hour's thinking I was so near hysteria my self that I went to the doctor for some

thing to quiet my nerves.
"At 9 o'clock I started into the town, leaving my wife asieep under the influence of opiates, and half way there I met a messenger coming for my wife to come to the hotel, as Mollie had shot herself and was dving. I turned the messenger back and hurried on to the hotel. reached her room she was dead, and near her on a table lay a .44-caliber revolver. It was the same one that had sent Bug Thornton his fatal valentine, but I didn't go around looking for any more bullets, had already found one too many.

"It was a positive relief to my wife when I told her as carefully as I could that Mollie was dead, and we talked it all over coming to the conclusion that the seated herself at the window, half concealed, with the object of killing Thornton when he came out to go to his supper and had marked the bullet in the strange freak of a crazy woman. That her sho had been so true was a piece of chance or uck, or retribution, whatever you may call it, although she was not unskilled in the use of firearms. None the less was it chance that the fight in the street should ave taken place at the time it did."
"What did you do with the bullet?" in

mired the writer. Dropped it into Mollie's coffin when wife and I went to see her for the last time. And," concluded the colonel, "neither of us ever told our story of the tragedy intil five years ago, when the last member of Mollie's family died and was buried in the same graveyard where the bodies of Mollie and Bug Thornton lie moldering W. J. LAMPTON. the clay.'

STEPPED IT OFF.

Peculiar Shape of the Land Caused by the Measuring Process. It is a commonly accepted theory that a

man steps three feet, and many a tract of land has been "stepped off" instead of measured with a chain. In the west they obviate the difficulties of surveys by the land being divided into sections, but in Pennsylvania much of the property, especially in the mountains, must still be described by metes and bounds.

In one of the counties in western Pennsylvania are two brothers, one of whom is tall and lank, the other short and fat. Many years ago they purchased a tract of mountain land calling for a mile square.
They divided the labor of measuring it, one stepping off one side, the other the other side. Then they fenced it in and vere perfectly satisfied until recently when suit was brought to recover a considerable tract of the land. Each brother swore that they knew the measurement to be right, and told how it had been done. Then, as the spectators saw the short legs of the one, scarcely long enough to reach the when he sat in a chair, and the elongated extremitles of the other, there was a general laugh, in which the judge and attorney joined. Upon surveying, it was found that one line was a mile and a half long, and the other only a little over haif a mile.

The Best They Could Do.

From Life. "Don't you sometimes make a mistake and lynch the wrong man?" asked the visitor from the east.

"How was that?"

"We told her she could take the pick of the crowd for her second husband."

Mr. S. Jerome Uhl is thinking of sending to the Cosmos exhibition the recently finished portrait of Policeman L. B. Hathaway, whose face is familiar to those who often pass his post of duty on the corner of 11th and F streets. The officer is clad in his regular uniform, which adds considerably to the interest of the likeness Mr. Uhl has also been working on a portrait of Major Shaw's father, and on one of the major's deceased wife.

An exhibition of work by Paul de Long pre, the well-known flower painter, opened at Veerhoff's gallery on Thursday. The pictures were sent here from Philadelphia, where a very successful exhibition had

Spencer Nichols has returned from a fly ing trip to New York, and has resum work on a couple of landscapes destin for the Cosmos exhibition, and on some illustrations, which he has under way.

The exhibition of paintings by LeGran Johnston, which closed last week, was the most successful financially that Mr. John ston has yet held.

On account of Mr. Messer's illness, his exhibition, which was to have followed Mr. Johnston's, was postponed, and in its place was shown a collection of sketches for the most part Egyptian, by Hamilton Emmons. Any proper departure from the commonplace is refreshing, and this artist's way of working is a welcome change from the academic methods. Mr. Emmons' work on paper of different shades, sometimes using only one or two colors of pastel, and leav ing large masses of color to be supplied by the paper, as in "The Fisherman's Sarine and "Venetian Freight Boats," where brilliant sunset effect is given by the use of where a single color on a dark ground. Vecal Memnon" is a fine conception, in which the artist has selzed the moment touched with the first rays of the rising sun, the ancients believed the statue

A lifelike portrait of Senator Morrill, by Carl Gutherz, who has in charge a large part of the decoration of the new Congressional Library, is being exhibited for a short time at Veerhoff's. Mr. Gutherz has commenced a portrait of ex-Gov. Hubbard of Minnesota, and plans to be represented at the Cosmos by something in portraiture.

The fine work by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which Mr. Thomas Waggaman has recently acquired, is a great addition to his already choice collection. The painting is a panel design, made for a stained glass window in an Oxford church, and is very simple and direct in treatment. It is called "Faith." and shows against a stormy sea dimly felt in the background, a woman and her two children, the younger kneeling, her face wearing an expression of fear, which even the mother's reassuring arm cannot dispel -a fear caused partly by the storm and

partly by alarm for the safety of her father out on the water. In contrast with this in the faces of the mother and the older child, who carries a torch, one sees an expression of perfect confidence in the safe return of the loved one. The heads of the children are executed with that delicate touch which has made the portraits of children by Sir Joshua Reynolds the most prized of all his work. After it was hung in the gallery Mr. Waggaman discovered that the former owner, with a ruthless dis-regard of the great painter's plan of composition, had turned under about eight inches of the canvas at the top, in order that the picture might fill a certain wall space. It was for a time removed to be restored to its original proportions, and is low again in the galiery, greatly improved in general effect.

* * At the meeting of the Society of Wash-At the meeting of the Society of Washington Artists last Tuesday Messrs. L. S. his services as guide therein received much Brumidi and L. Amateis were admitted to membership. It was voted that an annual of guides do not always impart to those ing day, and the long contested point whether or not to receive women as members was decided in favor of their admis sion. Resolutions were drawn up severely condemning the action of the army committee with regard to the competition for the Sherman s'atue. After the regular meeting the meeting of the Sketch Club was held, the subject for which was the first stanza of Gray's Elegy. The subject for the next meeting on February 26 is "Aban-

Mr. U. S. J. Dunbar was home sick ali last week, suffering from a very severe attack of tonsilitis, brought on by constant handling of the wet clay. Although he was able to be at his studio, it was not until the latter part of the week that he could resume work, the doctors fearing a relapse if he commenced sooner. He 's now industriousy at work making up for lost time, and the irst thing that claims his attention is the bust of Governor Shepherd. He expects to finish this in two or three more sittings, so it will be ready for the Cosmos exhibit. He will also exhibit a bust of the Turkish min ister, Mavroyeni Bey, besides an allegorical figure representing War and one of Do Maurier's Svengali, for which Wilton Lackaye posed while here in December.

FISHING FOR 'GATORS.

Wooden Leg That Brings Its Owner A Good Income.

Alligators are becoming rather scarce in Florida, but a few men still make a good living hunting them, their hides meeting with ready sale. One of the largest concerns in Jackson-

ville, engaged in dealing in alligator hides, has a customer upon their books named Tom Tucker, who brings in more hides than any three other men in the state. It was known that the saurians came from Dunn's creek, a tributary of the St. John's river, but beyond this fact nothing could be learned concerning his methods of capturing the reptiles until a few days ago when a buyer for the firm visited creek, and espied Tucker lying full length on a log, one end of which was in the creek. Tucker had a leg thrown into the water, and just as the buyer approached he saw the alligator hunter begin to scrainble up the bank, while a huge saurian beat the muddy water into a foam. As the man reached the bank, the alligator came too having swallowed a portion of the leg that had hung over the log into the water. Tucker drew a long, sharp knife, and soon killed the creature, then he unscrewed the leg and took it off to remove the 'gator Then his scheme became apparent. He has a wooden leg, and through it are driven sharp steel spikes. He leaves the leg in the water, and it is swallowed by an alligator. As the reptile closes his jaws steel impales him, and it is impossible for

The Milky Way. From St. Paul's.

him to escape.



SIGHTLESS CAPITOL GUIDE.

Some Stories About the Achievements of Prof. Donaldson.

The first "authorized" guide who ever served as such about the Capitol was "Prof." T. B. Donaldson. There is nothing remarkable about this statement, but when the additional statement is made, that Prof. Donaldson was a blind man, there seems to be a contradiction in terms. Prof. Donaldson appeared here about the time the war closed. He was a traveling phrenologist, and a very good one-that is, a good phrenologist. As a man he was not a very good man. He drank all the liquor he could conveniently get, played cards con-siderably and was about everything that is understood when a man is classed as a counder.

There were a number of card rooms ru publicly those days in various portions of Pennsylvania avenue, and especially in the neighborhood of the hotels. To these Donaldson was a regular visitor. Of course, to play many games he had to know the cards, though in some that was not absolutely necessary, though very convenient. To place him with all his rights, he was allowed to have a boy with him. The boy knew the cards very well. Card players, as a rule, did not care to play with Donaldson, though the houses could not refuse plays from him when staked against bank

He was borne with on account of his in-firmity, for thoroughbred card players are generally a trifle superstitious. The pro-fessor never forgot that he was a phrenol-ogist, and he picked up fees constantly in his calling. As years ran along the profes-sor ran out of friends, and he eked out his living with considerable difficulty. His eyes were completely gone, and his disfigurement was covered up by large green glasses. During the famous debate on the French arms question in the Senate, when Senators Sumner, Simon Cameron, Logan, Thurman, Tipton, Schurz, Conkling, Mor-ton and others played such prominent parts for and against the Grant administration,

for and against the Grant administration, Prof. Donaldson was a regular visitor to the Senate gallery.

He never missed a session. He was a New Yorker, a friend and an admirer of Senator Conkling, who was one of his regular patrons, for things had come to such a pass with the professor financially that he was forced to edicate the such as t he was forced to solicit alms. As he sat in the gallery, strangers, not knowing he was blind, would often ask him to out and name the leading senatorial gladi-ators of that era. This the professor accommodatingly did. It was all right if the Senators were seated in their own chairs, but all very wrong if they happened to be in other seats.
"In the third seat on the right from the

main aisle, second row," The Star writer once heard the professor say to a visitor to the gallery, "you see Charles Sumner, without doubt the finest-looking man, the most picturesque and the best-dressed man in the chamber. To his right, with a cover-ing of darker hair, though gray, sits Senator Henry Wilson. In the rear, on the left, sits the grandest one of them all, Roscoe Conkling, his hair being, you will no-tice, about the same shade of red as that on the head of Carl Schurz, who sits to the front of him and to his right. Over there on the left you will see standing Oliver P. Morton. Though a republican, he sits on the democratic side of the chamber, for being paralyzed, he cannot stand alone, and has to have the aid of the apparatus you see to hold him up when he desires to stand, which is very seldom, as he makes, and has made for years, all of his great speeches from a sitting position. him is the democratic Roman, Allen G. Thurman.

He would go on with his entertaining descriptions in this way and give his hearers a better idea of the scene than could many who were possessed of sight. But it was not alone in the Senate he succeeded so well. On the House side he was equally at home and entertaining. He knew the voice of every public man, and called out the name, before he had gone further than addressed the chair for recognition. His description of the paintings in the rotunda and galleries was the result of listening to the observations of others. Professor Donaldson always took special

pride in showing to those under his guid-ance the clearly defined head of Napoleon that appears by accident in Moran's painting of the Yosemite valley. In the old half of the House of Representatives he was employing them. He was particularly at home with some of the interesting phases of the echoes, though some things have been discovered about the "distance" and double echoes of late years that were not

He walked to the principal echo stones as directly as could any one, and never made a mistake. His "whispering gallery" de-scriptions up in the top of the done were very fine, in the serse that they were novel in effect and showed that he had a more than usual appreciation. The rush of visitors to the Capitol during the centennial year was very large, and to accom-modate the same a corps of guides were or-ganized. Several of the first "authorized" guides learned from persons told by Prof. Donaldson some of his best stories, and, indeed, some of them are told today. Those who hear them would be surprised if they were told that they were the sights

Prof. Donaldson has been dead for twelve

THE BRUMIDI FRESCO.

Various Suggestions as to the Subject of the Last Panel. Architect Clark of the Capital has re-

ceived a photograph of the painting of "The Driving of the Last Spike" on the Central Pacific railroad. He sent for it for the purpose of submitting it to the consideration of the Senate and House committee on the library. This committee, which is a joint committee, and of which Senator Hansbrough is chairman, has charge of all art matters in connection with the Capitol. By that power they have charge of the completion of the historical frieze in the belt of the rotunda of the Capitol, and it is Mr. Clark's desire to have that uncompleted work finished as promptly as possible. It has been nearly ten years since any work has been done on the frieze, though up to that time the work had been done with comparative promptness.

Brumidi, the artist and had completed nearly one-nalf of it when he died, had prepared several sketches for the closing panels, and had reason to believe that they had been approved and adopted, but in this he was mistaken. It is not yet certain what scenes in American history will be depicted in the last two panels. When Costiginal was selected to complete the work, which was intended to illustrate the first one hundred years of American history, he found charcoal sketches for more panels than existed, and he was at a loss to know how to

He explained the condition of things to the committee of the library, and asked their judgment as to what he should do. The committee told him to go ahead with the sketches that Brumidi had prepared, and leave the last three for future consideration. Accordingly, he went on until he reached "The Finding of Gold in Califor-nia," which he completed. This is the last work which was done, and this was completed nearly ten years ago. thousands and thousands have looked up into the swinging scaffolds, supposing all the time that work was going on, but not a thing has been done, or will be done, until the library committee give the order. Mr. Clark thinks that the library committee will order that the next panel show "The Driving of the Last Spike," depicting the scene when the Atlantic and Pacific were connected with the iron tie. There will remain one more panel. Various suggestions have been made by artists and others in connection with it, and many are yet to be made. It has been generally believed that it will contain, as a rounding up of the country's century, condensed representation of the principal buildings of the centennial exposition, or scmething else intended to illustrate that important event and that the country celebrated in a public way its centennial.

But the exact form by which this idea, if it is indeed finally adopted, will be repre-sented is as yet uncertain. A suggestion has recently been made to the library com-mittee that the carrying out of the idea of the centennial should be made the subject of a competition among artists, and that a prize be offered sufficiently large to induce the best American artists to compete. This plan may be adopted, but it is as yet only conjecture. Another suggestion has been made that the last panel should show, in some way, that the country has passed through a civil war, and was stronger after

the war than before. Fate.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. "It is tough, but true," said the Cummins ville sage, "that a man generally does not get any foresight until he is too old to have anything to look forward to."